Melvin Grigsby's book, part 4:

Below is the continuation of Melvin Grigsby's *The Smoked Yank*. The proper citation for this book, and chapters 11 through 17 being reprinted for this issue, is:

Melvin Grigsby, *The Smoked Yank* (No place: privately printed, 1888), pp. 90 - 145.

There are 26 chapters and an appendix in this book consisting of 251 pages. Please note, that for historical accuracy, all of the original language and spelling has been kept intact and no derogatory or negative intention is meant against any individual or group.

WARNING: Conditions found in Andersonville Prison are described in graphic detail in the enclosed chapters.

The Smoked Yank

Chapter XI.

We Leave Cahaba – A Song Battle – "Let The Damn Yankees Starve" – We Enter Andersonville – Walking Mummies And Smoked Skeletons – Discouraging Prospects.

I have already stated that we were moved from Cahaba to Andersonville. Before starting, three days' rations of meat, rice and meal were issued to us. Unfortunately, we cooked it all, and before we reached Montgomery, by steamboat – it is needless to remark that we were all deck passengers – our rations of rice and meal had soured, and could not be eaten. At Montgomery, the officers procured all the meal they could for us, but not enough to go round. There we were put on flat-cars, some in box-cars, and started, as we were told, to Savannah to be exchanged.

At Columbus our locomotive gave out and our rations likewise, and we stopped for repairs. We were there from noon of one day until afternoon of the next. Although we were all without food and hungry, and made our necessities known to hundreds of people that flocked around to see us, an ear of corn each was all we received. I was satisfied that the officers in charge tried to do better by us, but there was no quartermaster there, and they had no money with which to pay for what the citizens were unwilling to give. We heard many such remarks as: "Let the damn Yankees starve. They will soon learn to do without eating and they may as well begin now, etc." Had we known then what we soon after learned, we would surely have made a break for liberty.

There was an old unoccupied hotel building near the railroad track and our guards allowed some of us to go into it to pass the night. It was a beautiful moonlight-evening, and a crowd of young people, boys and young ladies, gathered there to see us. Some of our boys began to sing Union songs. Then the Southern girls gave us a rebel song, and directly we were having a song-battle, and turn about we fired songs at each other until long into the night.

At Fort Valley, in Georgia, we were turned on to a track that we knew did not lead to Savannah, and by inquiring from those who came around to see the Yankee prisoners, we learned that Andersonville, the great prison-pen, was on the road ahead of us. Our guards, too, were doubled there. But thought our hopes of immediate exchange began to vanish, little did we dream what Andersonville meant. We supposed it to be something like Cahaba, and though that was not a comfortable place, it was endurable. We were out of food when we got to Columbus. Forty-eight hours afterward we came in sight of a stockade in which, we were told, were 20,000 Union soldiers. Forty-eight hours without other food than a little corn, makes a healthy man hungry. I was not only healthy, but young and growing. I was hungry, but I thought to myself, in fact it was the expressed thought of all, we shall soon be among friends who will be glad to relieve our pressing wants. In this instance there was more pleasure in anticipation than in participation.

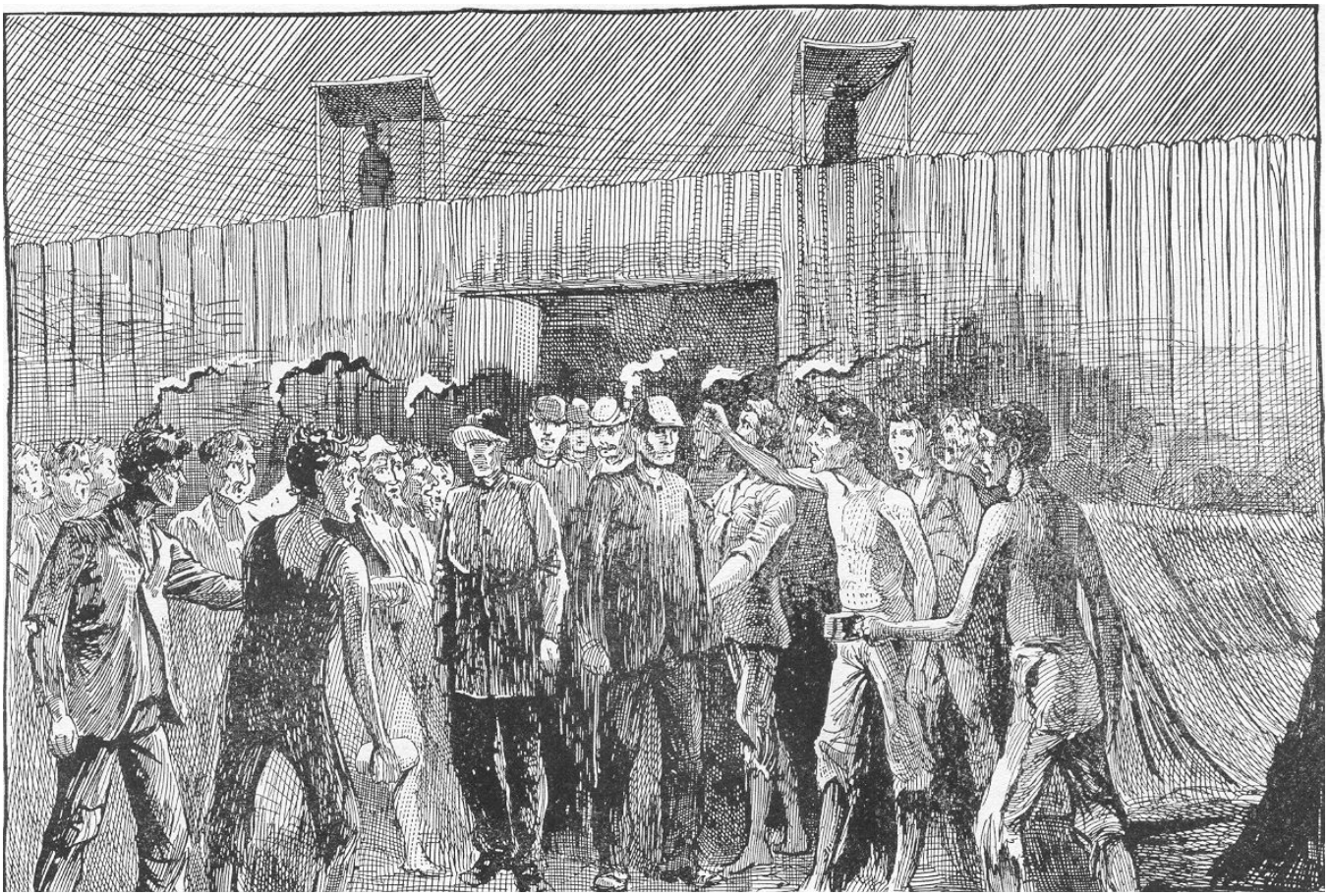
No pen, no words can describe, no pencil can approach the scene that burst upon our astonished eyes as we

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4, The Smoked Yank)

entered the gate of that – I shall not call it infernal, nor terrible, nor horrible, nor hell's hole, but simply Andersonville; and hereafter when a writer would describe a misery so infernal, or depict a horror so atrocious that no suitable words can be found in any language, let him merely liken it unto the miseries and horrors of Andersonville.

The sun was just setting when we started from the station to the prison. It was about dark when we reached the outer gate. As we approached sounds came to our ears, at first like the roaring of the sea, heard a long way off. Drawing nearer, the noise resembled somewhat that made by a large army going into camp. It was unlike the noise of an army or the roar of a large city, because there were no sounds of wheels or rattle of tools. It was a Babel of human voices only. There was something strangely doleful and ominous even in those sounds.



We Enter Andersonville

The gates were thrown open. On each side of what seemed a street, leaving room for us to pass in column of twos, we saw a dense mass of beings. Those in the front ranks held in their hands cups, cans and little pails, and chunks of bread. They are there, we thought, to hand us food as we pass. We entered. The line on either side was a line of living, human skeletons, walking mummies; ragged, many nearly naked, all skin and bone, black as Indians, not exactly smoked Yanks, but the smoked skeletons of Yanks. We were hungry. These men seemed to be starved. There they stood, their great eyes protruding beyond their gaunt and bony cheeks; their limbs, half-covered, showed great swollen joints, black, bruised-looking elbows and knees, and great puff-balls for feet. The feet of many looked like boxing gloves. All this we saw in sections, as it were, by the uncanny, flickering smoking light of a pine knot torch or a "fat" pine stick, that here and there one of the creatures held in his hand.

> "The brows of (these) men, by the despairing light,
> Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
> The flashes fell upon them."

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5, The Smoked Yank)

Yes, nearly every one of the front rank had food or wood in his hands, but not to give. They were there to barter or to sell. The majority of us had nothing with which to buy, nothing to trade. We did not ask for anything. There was that in these surroundings which, if it did not make us forget our misery was not worthy of mention. I have noticed that beggars on a street do not solicit alms while a funeral procession is going by.

We stood a long time in that street before we were assigned even a portion of bare ground on which to stretch our weary limbs. The two rebel officers who had been in charge of us from Cahaba, set about getting us something to eat. About 10 o'clock rations were sent in; a pint of corn meal and a little salt for each man. Raw meal and salt! How cook it? What in? What with? In all that pen you couldn't pick up enough wood to make a match. We had nothing to draw our rations in, much less to cook them in. I turned the sleeve of my jacket, tied the end with a piece of the lining, and in this received a quart of meal for myself and Lynn B. Cook. We were bunk-mates or bed-fellows, without either bunk or bed. Some mixed their meal and salt with a little water and ate it raw. Others bought or traded for a little wood and borrowed pans in which to bake. Cook and myself found a Grant county man from a Wisconsin regiment who was kind enough to lend us a skillet and a little wood. Our hunger appeased, we lay down on the bare ground without cover or shelter to sleep, and thus we passed our first night in Andersonville.

The next morning we were counted off into divisions, ninety in a division. Twelve divisions formed what was called a detachment. To each detachment was allotted a small piece of bare ground on which to camp. We were told that this bare ground to sleep on, a scant pint of meal, a quarter of a pound of meat or its equivalent in rice or beans, and a piece of green wood as large as a small piece of stove wood, these once each day, and a spoonful of salt once each week, were what we would get, and all we would get to live on.

Are we to have no tents, no blankets, nothing to cook in? No! Will we not be given, or allowed to get, forks and poles and brush with which to make a shelter that will protect us from the scorching sun and the pitiless rain? No! You have your ground, you will get your rations, nothing more. Is it surprising that we could hardly believe our ears, that stout hearts quailed and strong men lost their courage and lay down broken in spirit?

Andersonville is situated in the sparsely settled piney woods of southern Georgia. It is a rolling country abounding in creeks and swamps. Pine trees cover the high land and along the streams and swamps there are gum and other trees that flourish in wet soil, and thick underbrush.

The prison was made by enclosing sixteen acres of this land by a stockade. The stockade was made of logs twenty-five feet long, uniform in size, hewed on two sides, set upright and close together in a ditch five feet deep. The dirt being filled in and tamped around the bottom, these logs formed a solid wooden wall twenty feet above the ground. On the outside of this wall, at regular intervals of about sixty yards, scaffolds were built with steps leading up to them, and on these scaffolds, which were three feet lower than the top of the wall, the guards stood.

On the inside of this wall and twenty-five feet from it, is the dead-line. This is a row of posts driven into the ground with poles or narrow boards nailed on top so as to form a railing three feet high all around the inside of the stockade.

This sixteen-acre pen or field, was a rectangle in form, the east and west sides longer than the north and south. A small stream ran through from the west to east dividing the interior into what was called north and south sides. This stream furnished the water supply and the sewerage. The sink was at the lower end of the stream. Forks driven into the ground supported poles upon which the prisoners sat, their droppings falling into the stream. Above the sink the stream was used for washing and bathing. Water for cooking and drinking was obtained between the little bridge that crosses the stream and the dead-line on the west side. The ground on each side of this stream is a gently sloping hillside. Adjoining the creek on the north side there is about two acres of wet, boggy, miry, swamp.

The entrances to the prison, two huge gates, are on the west side. One on each side of the creek and midway between creek and corner of stockade. There is a small stockade yard around each gate on the outside. When prisoners are brought in, or the wagons loaded with rations, they pass through an outer gate into this yard, the outer gate is then barred before the gates to the main stockade are opened. This is to prevent prisoners making a sudden rush for an open gate. The fastenings to these gates are on the outside. Leading across the prison from each gate there is a street wide enough to turn a wagon in. There are two or three other streets of considerable width. Leave out the creek and

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6, The Smoked Yank)

the two acres of swamp, the broader streets and the twenty-foot strip between the dead-line and the stockade, in all at least four acres, and you have left twelve acres for the prisoners to camp on, to cook, eat, and sleep on. There were 20,000 prisoners there when we entered. Twenty thousand on twelve acres. Sixteen hundred and sixty-six on one acre. Ten to each square rod. For each man not quite four by seven feet! Before that stockade was enlarged, there were at least 30,000 prisoners inside of it, crowded on to those twelve acres. Less than three by six feet for each man, just enough for all to lie down on at once, not enough to have buried them all, giving to each a separate grave. In July the stockade was enlarged. About six acres more of ground were taken in on the north side. Eight acres in all, but six available for use. The prisoners increased until there were 45,000. They were as thick then as before. The following table copied from McElroy's story of Southern Prisons, is a part of the report made by Surgeon Joseph Jones who was sent by the Surgeon-General of the Confederate army to examine Andersonville:

Month and Year.	Average number of Federal prisoners.	Area of Stockade in square feet.	Average number of square ft. allowed to each prisoner.
March, 1864	7,500	740,520	98.7
April, 1864	10,000	740,520	74.0
May, 1864	15,000	740,520	49.3
June, 1864	22,291	740,520	33.2
July, 1864	29,030	1,176,120	40.5
August, 1864	32,899	1,176,120	35.7

He gives the number of acres as seventeen at first, and twenty-seven afterward. He makes no deductions for dead-line, streets, or swamp, and he gives what he calls the "mean strength of prisoners." The size of the pen was as I stated, also the number of prisoners there. There could be no mistake on these points because the prison was measured by different men, and the prisoners were counted daily. But take the rebel figures and you have less than five by seven feet for each man in June, and but a fraction over in August.

Chapter XII.

"Answer At Roll Call, Draw Rations, And Fight Lice" – Scenes At The Dead-Line.

The prisoners who were first turned into Andersonville in February, 1864, were from Belle Isle. These found the ground covered with underbrush, stumps and limbs of trees that had been used in making the stockade, and trees that were not large enough to make stockade logs. It was comparatively easy for these men to provide themselves with shelter. Some built huts two or three feet high on the sides with gable roof; others made dug-outs, by digging cellars and putting roofs over. The roofs were all made of brush woven together with a thatching of pine leaves on the outside. Others made neat little houses by bending poles so that both ends would stick in the ground forming a frame like that of a cover to an emigrant wagon. These frames were thatched over the sides and top and one end. Those who came later, when wood and brush were not so plentiful, had two forks, a pole and blankets or pieces of tent-cloth stretched

(Continued on page 8)

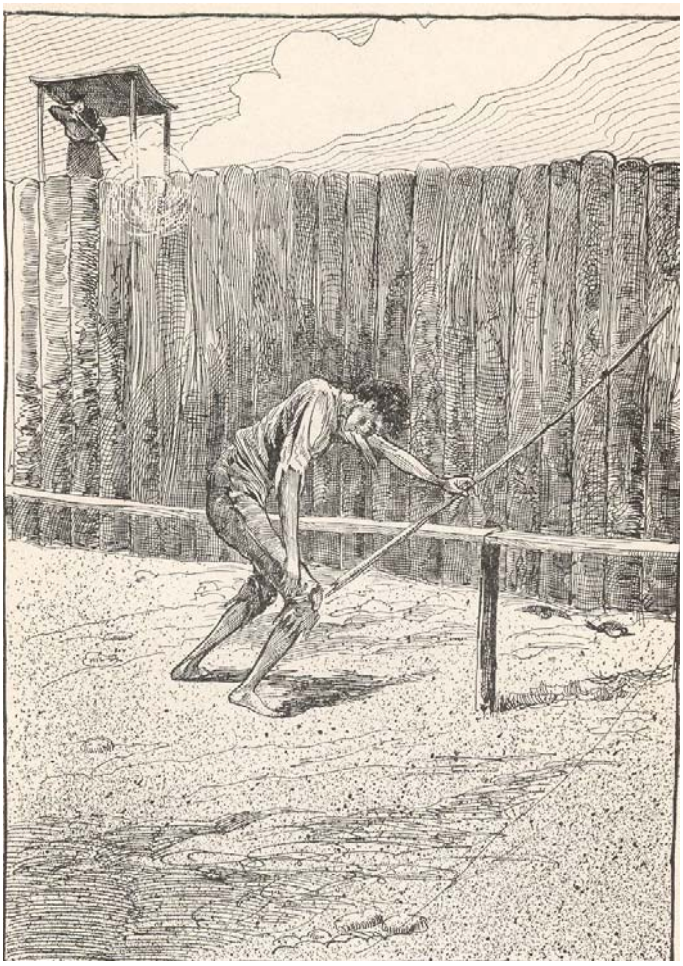
(Continued from page 7, The Smoked Yank)

over, and thousands, who came as the Cahaba prisoners did, long after every limb and stump and pine leaf had either been consumed or had an owner, had no shelter whatever. These marked out their six by seven feet, for two, by ditching around it and raising the surface so that the wash from higher ground would not flow over it; and there most of them died. But few of the Cahaba prisoners had blankets, fewer had anything in the shape of cooking utensils. Neither my bunk-mate, Cook, nor myself had anything except the ragged clothes we wore.

On the first morning, it was the second day of May, the sun rose scorching hot. I went to the tent of the boy who had loaned us the skillet and asked to borrow a cup so that I could go and get some water. I said to him, "How are we to live? What are we to do, who have no shelter?" "Live! Do!" said he, "Why, all you have to do is to answer at roll-call, draw your rations, and fight lice. If you want to live, don't go near the dead-line." I soon found out that he had summed up the daily life of the average prisoner in Andersonville.

With the borrowed cup I went for water. We had been warned to keep away from the dead-line. To cross it – even to get hand, or foot, or head, a hair's breadth over – was instant death. The watchful guards with unerring aim sent a bullet through every prisoner who by accident or otherwise trespassed on this line. They gave no warning, and I never knew of a shot being fired that did not kill a man. It was said that a thirty days' furlough was the reward for killing a prisoner at the dead-line. To get clean water for drinking or cooking it was necessary to go near the dead-line where the stream came in. Many men were shot for merely reaching under the dead-line to get a canteen or cup of clean water. On that first morning I stood with a few feet of one who was filling his can safely inside of the dead-line, when some others struggling for a place to get water, accidentally pushed him so that he fell with his head under the pole. That instant his brains and blood went floating down the stream and another rebel guard received the coveted furlough.

Another time I saw some starving men with long willow or cane poles standing by the dead-line trying to kill for food, swallows that had built their mud nests in the cracks of the stockade, and in the twilight were skimming back and forth as swallows will. One poor, lean hungry boy knocked a swallow down and reached a fraction too far in his effort to secure it. His spirit went home to Him who watches the sparrows when they fall, and another son of chivalry went home on a furlough. Such scenes were common. These shocked me more than others because I stood near by.



Shot At The Dead Line

Chapter XIII.

Extra Rations – Flanking Out – Cooked Rations – The Huckster's Cry, And The Peddler's Call – The Plymouth Pilgrims – Dead Yankees Become Articles Of Merchandise – I Buy A Corpse And Taste Pure Air – Repeating.

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8, The Smoked Yank)

For thirty successive nights after we entered this pen, it rained hard every night. The days were scorching hot. The rain soaked us at night. The sun blistered by day. The nights were cold – at least they seemed cold. Food is the fuel that warms the body. We had not sufficient food, and, therefore, we were colder at night than well-fed men would have been. The cold made us hungry, and hunger in turn made us cold.

Very few men were turned into Andersonville who lived very long without in some way securing more than the common ration to eat. For the first two or three weeks I lived, or rather slowly starved on the common ration. I weighed about 160 pounds when I entered the place. A few weeks after, my thumb and finger would meet around the largest part of my arm over the shirt and jacket sleeves. Every day while suffering from hunger, I would resolve and re-resolve that when I got my ration I would divide it into three parts, be they ever so small, and eat at morning, noon and night. I never could do it. Every time the ration came I devoured it all, and all was not enough.

The wood that was issued with the rations, was obtained by letting a few men from each detachment go to the woods under guard and bring in what they could carry on their backs. One man was allowed to go each day from each division of ninety. What he could carry in was divided so much to each mess of ten. The cooking was done by messes, and the food when cooked was carefully divided into as many little piles as there were hungry men in the mess. Then one man would turn his back, and pointing to a ration say, "Who shall have this?" The man whose back was turned, sometimes he was blind-folded also, would call a name. As each man's name was called he would step up and take his share. It always seemed to me that the smallest pile in the lot fell to me.

Going out after wood was a coveted task. Only the strongest were chosen to go. When a prisoner could manage to get out with those who were selected to carry wood without being specially detailed from any division, it was called "flanking out."

The flanker kept for himself all that he could carry in. Lynn and myself soon learned the flanking game, and we soon managed to get enough pine boughs and limbs of trees to build quite a little house. Thomas Davidson, who had succeeded in eluding all searchers and carried into Andersonville $80 or $90 in greenbacks, joined Lynn and myself in making our shelter. When we had it finished and nicely thatched all over with pine boughs, and more pine boughs to sleep on, and a wide blanket which Davidson bought, to sleep under at night, we were living in the lap of luxury as compared with those who were compelled to lie at night on the bare ground in the pelting rain, shivering and aching with the cold, and to endure without shade or shelter the scorching sun at noon-day.

We had been there but two or three weeks when, instead of raw meal and meat, our rations were brought in cooked. Then there was no more flanking out, because there was no further use, that is no absolute necessity for wood. Those who were brought in after that without money or blankets, fared even worse than we, for there was no way for them to get any shelter. Neither must it be understood that many of the Cahaba prisoners were as fortunate as myself and Cook.

The cooked rations were worse in many respects than the raw. When our meal and meat, or sometimes beans and molasses, or rice in place of the meat, came to us raw, we could cook it in various ways. We could make a stew with meal dumplings, or a soup of the beans. Or we could make bread or cakes of the meal, as we saw fit. Out of so little variety of food, skillful cooking could make many different dishes. When the cooked rations came, they were always the same. The meal was cooked in large pans for bread, or boiled into mush, and the meat always boiled. At the cook-house usually strong bacon, sometimes beef, was put into great cauldrons and boiled. No pains were taken to clean it; then to save salt the filthy slop from which the meat was taken, was used in mixing the meal. The meal was coarse and not sifted. When this cooking was done, the great square loaves of corn-bread (they were about two by four feet, and four inches thick) were piled on wagons, the meat piled on the bread, and hauled into the prison. The beef brought in was always more or less tainted. The bacon was always strong. When mush was made and brought in in barrels, it was often sour. The result of eating this coarse bread, bran and all, and the greasy meat, was first to bring on diarrhea. Weakened by this the stomach soon became nauseated and refused the food. When the food made a man sick, and being sick, he could not eat the only food there was, starvation began.

Thousands taken in this way lived but a few weeks. Those who recovered from the diarrhea had next to battle with the scurvy. The scurvy could neither be prevented nor cured without vegetables, such as onions and potatoes,

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9, The Smoked Yank)

cabbages and melons. These, however, could only be had for money, and at a high price. And in this was the worst part of this awful life; men were starving, actually dying by hundreds every day for want of food, and all day long re-sounded in their ears the cries of hucksters vending their goods from stands such as you will see at country fairs.

"Walk up, gentlemen! Walk up, and get your nice warm dinner! Roast meat and potatoes, wheat bread and pure coffee! Walk up, gentlemen! Walk up, and get your nice warm dinner! Here's your cool lemonade, made right here in the shade, and the best thing in the world for scurvy! Right this way, gentlemen, for your hot chicken soup! Bean soup! Bean soup! Bean soup, only five cents a dish! Bean soup! Bean soup! Ham and eggs! Ham and eggs! Right this way for your ham and eggs with johnny-cake, and huckleberry pie for desert! Right this way, and get your choice dinner for a dollar!"

The larger huckster stands were located on the three or four principal streets of the prison, but smaller stands and peddlers could be seen everywhere, and no starving prisoner, though he had the will power to keep his eyes from feasting on what his stomach craved, but his hands dared not touch, could keep the peddler's cry and the huckster's call from sounding in his ears all day long and far into the night.

Why, you ask, were not these poor, starving prisoners, relieved by those who had this provision to sell? Why are there out of prisons everywhere, and especially in all great cities, the poor, the hungry, and the ragged, the sick, the lame and the blind, who are passed daily without relief, and without compassion by fellow-men rolling in wealth and debauched by luxury? Andersonville was a world condensed with the forms and restraints of society left out.

Let a ship sink in sight of the shore and a hundred helpless men who cannot swim be thrown into the sea – ten of them seize planks that will keep them from sinking. Does any man give his plank to one of the ninety who is about to go down? The prisoner turned into Andersonville with nothing, and depending wholly on his keepers for support, was as helpless and almost as sure to perish as the wrecked man without a plank in the sea. A blanket to cover him, a few boughs, out of which to form a shelter, a few dollars to dole out sparingly for daily wants, were to him as precious as the life-preserver is to the wrecked mariner at sea.

Friends worked together and helped each other. Old comrades formed into messes and in a measure made common store, but the general rules was, every man for himself.

There were men there well-dressed, even to dandyism, who sported watch and chain, had rolls of money and spent dollars at a meal. These could have given, but did not, just as millionaires who have more than they can ever possibly consume, think only of gain, and seldom give and grudgingly to the struggling poor. Begging was almost as rare as giving. The poor fellows seemed to realize that as a rule to part with even a morsel of food was to lessen their chances for life. Tobacco was not considered on of the necessaries, and to ask a chew or pipe of tobacco was not considered begging, and when asked was seldom refused by those who had it in sight.

Probably half the prisoners had resources other than the daily ration. There were hucksters, and peddlers, bakers, tailors, even jewelers, gamblers of every kind, chuck-luck, faro, poker, wheel of fortune, tricks and games of every variety were played and carried on openly and publicly. The rattle of dice, the whirring of wheels, and cries to attract the crowd, chimed in with the huckster's call and peddler's cry to make the din and racket of the streets. All of these men thus engaged had something besides the daily ration.

During the first few weeks these things were not so extensively carried on. The prisoners who first entered Andersonville were from Belle Isle and other prisons, and were poor, but from the time I got there there were almost daily accessions of prisoners fresh from the battle fields around Richmond, and from the armies of the west. These, especially those from around Richmond, were not searched and robbed as we had been, and as most prisoners taken from the west were. They came in, as we used to say, with flying colors, bringing blankets, knapsacks, canteens, and cooking utensils, money and jewelry.

A brigade, several regiments and a battery, in all about 3,000 men, taken at Plymouth, N.C., had received their veteran bounty and new clothes, with which to go home on veteran furlough, but a few days before their capture. They were taken on conditional surrender, and one of the conditions was that private property was to be respected. They came in about the middle of May with their entire camp outfit, tents and all, and must have had an average of hundreds

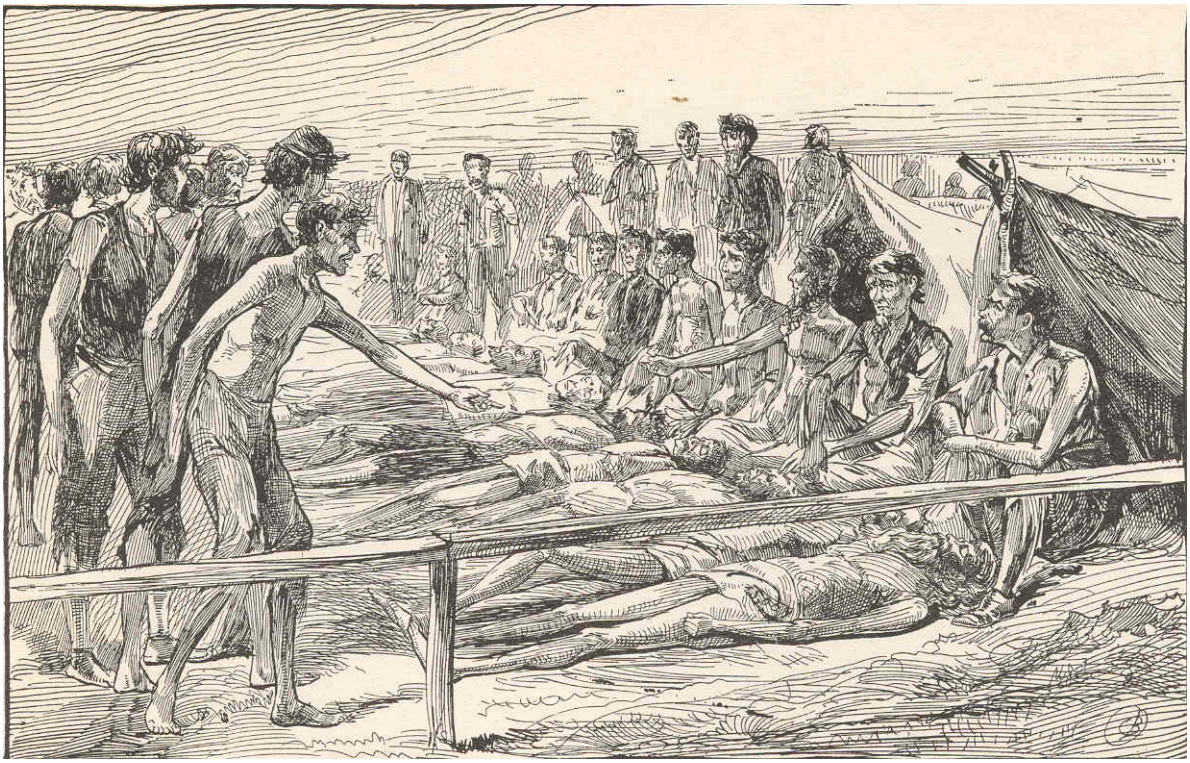
(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10, The Smoked Yank)

of dollars in money to the man. Previous to their arrival hucksters handled but small stock of tobacco, meal, beans, rice, potatoes, wood, etc., and the peddler's cry usually was, "Who wants to trade rice for beans!" or, "a pone of bread for a dish of soup!" or, "a ration of meat for a ration of meal!" and the gambling was all on a small scale. Soon after the arrival of the Plymouth prisoners bedlam was indeed let loose. Peddlers and hucksters multiplied, gamblers and tricksters increased, and new kinds of business sprang up.

The hucksters obtained supplies, in part from the prison sutler who had a store in the prison under the protection of the rebels in command, and in part from those of the prisoners who went outside to carry out the sick to the hospital, or the dead to the dead-house, and who managed to carry on trade with the rebels on the outside and smuggle in goods. The officers, too, who came in once a day, one or two to each division, to call the roll of the prisoners, were nearly all smugglers and brought in tobacco, eggs, and other articles that they could conceal about their persons to trade and sell to the prisoners.

The profits in smuggled goods were so much greater than on those brought at wholesale from the prison sutler, that a separate branch of trade sprang up, which was selling chances to go outside. For instance, a sick man would go, or get his friends to carry him out to sick-call. If, on being examined by the rebel physician, he was ticketed for the hospital, and, if he could not walk, as was usually the case, there would be a chance for two other prisoners to go under guard and carry the sick man on a stretcher to the hospital. This chance to go out belonged to the companions who had assisted him to sick-call. They would often sell it to others engaged in the smuggling business, and the smuggler buying such a chance would often realize a handsome profit on goods that he could buy on the outside of the guards and other traders, and bring in concealed in his clothes, or in the pine boughs, or a hollow log, which he would be allowed to carry in.



Dead Yankees Become Articles Of Merchandise

In this way, the dead soon became articles of merchandise and were bought and sold. The number that died in camp daily, especially in July and August, was from 50 to 120, according to the state of the weather. After a stormy day and night there would be many more dead than during the same number of hours of fair weather. The dead were carried to the gate every morning and laid in a line commencing at the dead-line and reaching back into the prison. Each

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11, The Smoked Yank)

corpse was carried to the dead-house on a stretcher by two prisoners guarded by a rebel soldier. The corpse of a prisoner belonged to his bed-fellow, if he had one, if not, to his mess-mates who had the disposal of the chances (two of them) to go with the stretcher to the dead-house. Smugglers bought these chances also.

The first man brought to the dead-line in the morning would be taken out first, and they would be taken two or three at a time, according to the number of guards detailed. The first smugglers out in the morning would have the best chance to trade and so the chance to carry out the first corpse was worth more, and sold for more, than the chance to go out with one that would be reached until later. It soon became the custom for the price of a corpse to be written on a piece of paper and pinned to the rags of the corpse. The first dozen or so would be marked as high, sometimes, as three dollars each, and if they were eighty or a hundred in the row of corpses, as low as fifty cents would buy some of the last. If you paid three dollars for a corpse you would get out early while trade was brisk, and before the best bargains were gone. If you paid fifty cents for a corpse you had to sit by it perhaps until afternoon, and watch it to keep it from being stolen, and when it did come your turn to go the stench of your corpse would make you sick and chances for trade would be slim.

I saw many fights over the disputed ownership of dead bodies. I remember one in particular. A poor starved creature who seemed to have no friend, had for a long time been in the habit of coming at night and lying down just outside of my shanty close up to the side where I slept. When he thus lay down there would be nothing between us but a thin thatching of pine leaves. He was literally alive with vermin and would no sooner lie down than I would awakened by the lice crawling over my face, and would get up and drag the poor fellow away, sometimes twice in one night. One morning after I had thus dragged him away I saw a bloody fight going on between two men, and going to the spot found that they were fighting because each claimed to be the next friend, and therefore, the owner of the body of the man who had died where I had left him. I often heard it said that death was sometimes assisted by the would-be mourners that the corpse might reach the dead-line among the first in the morning.

Great God! Think of it. Men brought so low by the thousand, systematically and purposely too, and by their own countrymen, civilized, Christianized, chivalrous countrymen, that to save life, to get food and wood, where food and wood were plenty, they will barter and sell, and fight over the dead bodies of their friends. What are Heathen?

I bought a chance once to go out with a dead body. I had to carry the end of a stretcher on which the head lay because the man at the other end had been so much that he was thin and weak. The stretcher was an old gunny-sack nailed to poles. The sack part was too short. The feet hung over it at one end and the head at the other. There had been no tender loving hand to close those eyes when the last breath had gone. They were open wide and glaring. The head hung over my end of the stretcher and the eyes glared up at me. They haunted me for weeks. I never bought another corpse.

Aside from the sickening stench of that corpse and the ghostly glaring of those open eyes, how unspeakably delightful were the moments I spent that morning out of the prison. You enter a conservatory or garden full of freshly blossomed flowers and the odors are delicious, but you cannot discern the perfume of the green grass, and common plants, and trees of the hills and fields around you, because they are in your daily air. Neither can you detect the obnoxious odors of a room which you entered when the air was pure and stayed in until it was foul. So I did not know how foul the stench of the prison was until I went out that morning and tasted fresh air. The bark of the trees, the leaves, the grass, the decaying wood, the flowers, each had a distinct and easily-distinguished odor. The common air was fragrant. I drank in great draughts of it as though it were a new, delicious and exhilarating beverage, and so it was. But when I reentered the pen the foulness there was just as noticeable as the fragrance outside had been, and I was sorry that I had gone at all.

Besides the traders and peddlers who earned money with which to buy extra rations, and those who brought money in, there were others who received extra rations. For instance, there was a Yankee sergeant or quartermaster for each detachment who received the provision each day for his detachment and divided it into as many parts as there were divisions in a detachment. He received three extra rations. Then the sergeant of each division who received from the detachment sergeant of messes, received two extra rations, and mess sergeants, some of them, received one. Whether those extra rations were issued in addition to the rations for the common prisoners or whether they were taken from and diminished the daily supply for the prison, I cannot say. My opinion was that the latter was the fact.

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 12, The Smoked Yank)

Others received extra rations by repeating. At roll-call each detachment formed in line and a rebel sergeant, accompanied usually by one or two guards, came in to call the roll. They called the roll of one division of ninety at a time and then counted the men in line to see that the number tallied with the roll; then passed to the next division, the whole detachment being required to stand in line until the roll of all the divisions was called. Suppose a man from the 1st division died during the night, some man from some other division of the detachment would slip into the vacant place, stand there and answer to the dead man's name, and as soon as that division was counted, slip back to his place and be ready to answer to his own name in his own division. As there were many rations issued each day as there were prisoners at roll-call each morning, the repeater would get an extra ration.

The rebels knew that something of the kind was going on and they tried many schemes to prevent it, but never wholly succeeded. Probably one-half of the prisoners at Andersonville, especially between June 1st and September 1st of 1864, in one way or another of the several ways mentioned secured more to eat than was provided for and issued to them by the authorities. Of this half a large percentage lived, for Andersonville was naturally a healthy place. Of the other one-half who had no extra rations, no aid of any kind, and many no shelter, nearly the whole died.

I have never met a survivor of Andersonville whose daily ration of food during the whole, or at least, the most of the time he was there, was not in some way supplemented, and I very much doubt whether there is now a man living who endured five months of 1864 in Andersonville, with nothing to live on save what the rebels furnished.

Chapter XIV.

The Raiders – Limber Jim – The Regulators – Execution Of The Raiders.

The horrors of Andersonville did not result entirely from the prison system and management planned and authorized by the rebel authorities and their agents. It is even doubtful which furnished the most extreme cases of human cruelty and depravity, the rebels, or the prisoners themselves. When we first entered the place we were cautioned to look out for raiders. These were at first a small band of roughs from New York City who had been engaged previous to their capture in what was called bounty jumping. They were called "bounty jumpers." Large bounties, or sums of money were offered by the state to those who would enlist, and sometime a man who was drafted would pay a large sum to some other man to go as his substitute. These fellows, it was said, had been engaged in enlisting for these state and private bounties, remaining in the service long enough to get money, and then taking the first opportunity to desert and go back and enlist again in some other place, under another name, and secure another bounty. They were confined at first at Belle Island, and there banded together to steal and rob, and these received the name of raiders. As the number of prisoners who had anything for robbers to take increased, the raiders also grew in numbers and boldness. The accessions to the gang were probably not all bounty jumpers. At first their operations were after the sneak-thief order. A haversack, or a blanket, or clothing would be snatched at night from some sleeping prisoner. The thief would run and soon be out of sight among the huts and tents and pals of the raiders would put any pursuer off the track. Becoming bolder, they began to work in parties of five or six armed with clubs, and they would enter at night the sleeping place or tent of the victim marked in the daytime, and forcibly take whatever suited their fancy, mercilessly clubbing, sometimes killing any unfortunate man who dared resist. And so they went from bad to worse. The Ninetys organized to defend each other against the raiders and then the raiders banded together and strengthened their forces. If a party of raiders, or an individual raider made an attempt to rob that led to the alarm of a Ninety, and could not escape with the plunder, a shrill blast from the whistle which each carried would bring others to the rescue; a bloody fight with knives and clubs would ensue, and almost always the raiders would be victorious, for they were a well-fed band of strong, desperate men, practiced and skilled in such warfare, and were under leaders whom they obeyed. A few such men attacking suddenly in the night could usually get away with their plunder before the surprised friends of the parties being robbed could gather in sufficient numbers to successfully resist.

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13, The Smoked Yank)

After the Plymouth prisoners came in and money became plenty, the raiders became high-toned and did not stop to meddle with anything of less value then watches, jewelry and money. They carried things with a high hand; the men engaged in trade, and others known to have money, were their chosen victims. The leaders even grew so bold as to go around in broad daylight and demand of the leading hucksters money, in return for which they would grant the hucksters exemption from a raid for so long a time. Those who would not pay were spotted, as it was called, and soon paid a visit that left them penniless, which served as an example to terrify the rest.

It soon became apparent that murders were being committed. Men who had money or other valuables would disappear, and their friends having no reason to believe they had made their escape, could find no trace of them. Suspicion pointed to the raiders, but there was no proof. Finally the raids became so common, the levying of blackmail so frequent and notorious, and so many men were missed whom it was supposed were murdered, that the whole prison began to be aroused, and the question of a general organization to establish rules and put down the raiders, was frequently discussed. There seemed to be no one who dared to lead off in such a movement. The belief was universal that any man who dared to take the initiative would be spotted and surely murdered by the raiders. Finally the raiders themselves aroused the very man who, of all others there, was best calculated to lead in breaking their power. This man was known as “Limber Jim.”

Limber Jim was one of the Cahaba prisoners. He was a tall, slim, wiry man, good looking, good hearted, full of energy, a lover of fun, and was at Cahaba, as at Andersonville, the best known and most popular man in the prison. He had, it was said, traveled with a circus before the war, and it is very likely that as clown or actor in a circus he acquired not only his nickname, Limber Jim, but also the inexhaustible fund of anecdote and glibness of tongue that enabled him to be so entertaining and rendered him so well known and popular. Soon after we entered Andersonville “Limber,” as we called him for short, invented “root beer.” He obtained in some way a large barrel, filled it with water, sorghum, molasses, and corn meal. This mixture soon worked and acquired a sourish, sharp taste, similar to, but not nearly so pleasant, as the taste of the old-fashioned metheglin made of honey and water.

The sassafras tree abounds in that portion of Georgia, and Limber had obtained, by digging them from the ground in the prison, a lot of sassafras roots. These he boiled and with the tea flavored his beer, and called it “root beer.” Mounted on his beer barrel, or on a box, Limber would draw a crowd by telling jokes or stories, or by singing a song, and then he would expatiate on the health-giving, disease-curing properties of his “root beer.” It was, according to his talk, a panacea for all the ills that prison life was heir to. It was good for scurvy, and that was the disease that scourged us most. When the Plymouth men came in, Limber got rich. He sold hundreds of barrels at 5 cents a glass that cost less than that many cents per gallon. Then he went into trade generally, and besides beer kept everything to sell that could be obtained. I have heard that he won money at poker and ran a faro bank with great success. I did not see him do either. I do know that he acquired a large amount of money – several thousand dollars. He secured for his mess a large tent that would hold twelve or fifteen men, pitched it on the South side where the raiders were mostly congregated, had all of his mess-mates armed with knives and clubs, and had two of the largest and strongest men of the whole prison employed to stand guard over this tent at night. Here Limber and his guards and friends lived like kings.

At first the raiders let Limber alone, probably because he was such a favorite and had so many friends. Afterward they were kept off by his giant guards.

One evening, however, Limber went down to the creek alone and three of the boldest of the raiders saw him. This was the opportunity that they long had sought, but a sad day for them was the day they tackled Limber Jim. One big burly Irishman caught him from behind, put an arm around his neck under his chin, drew him back and held him nearly chocked, while the others searched his clothes.

The day after the robbery of Limber Jim a plan for an organization was agreed upon by the leading men throughout the prison. The rebel authorities were consulted and persuaded to co-operate. A thousand picked men, called regulators, were got together, duly officered, armed with clubs and drilled, and war on the raiders was openly and formally declared. A police justice was elected and police headquarters established. Notice was given through-

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14, The Smoked Yank)

out the camp inviting every prisoner who could identify and furnish proof against a raider to report at police headquarters. The well-known and leading raiders were at once arrested by the regulators, Limber Jim acting as commander, and taken outside and there held in irons under strong guard. When all that could be identified were thus taken out, a jury of the sergeants of the detachments was selected to hear and take testimony against them. Six of them were, by this jury, indicted for murder in the first degree, and the bodies of the murdered victims were found buried deep in the ground under the tents of the leading raiders. These six were duly tried by a jury impaneled for the purpose. They were confronted with the witnesses against them, permitted to bring witnesses in their defense, and allowed the benefit of counsel. In fact, they were granted every right and privilege guaranteed to a citizen of the United States by the constitution. They were all found guilty by the jury before whom they were charged, and were duly sentenced to be hung.

For all the rest who were found guilty of crimes of lesser degrees than murder, for robbery, theft and the like, there seemed to be no better mode of punishment so they were sentenced to "run the gauntlet." That is, all the prisoners who had been robbed, or clubbed, or raided, or otherwise maltreated by the raiders, were permitted to form a line of each side of the street leading into the prison from the gate. The raiders were turned into the prison, one at a time, and to pass between these two lines of men, standing there waiting for revenge, was "to run the gauntlet."

Had the use of clubs been allowed no raider could have gone through alive. Blows and kicks were unmercifully administered and many barely escaped with life. As a rule those who had been guilty of the most and the worst crimes received the hardest drubbing, for, first one and then another of the men in line would make his charge, stating what the raider had done, and those against whom the most charges were made fared the worst.

When time came for the execution of the six men convicted for murder, a regular scaffold was erected inside the prison. It was reported that the raiders had re-organized and would make a desperate effort to rescue their leaders and companions at the scaffold when they were brought in to be hung. Great precautions were taken to prevent the success of any such attempt, should it be made.

The hour came. The thousand regulators were formed in a hollow square. The six doomed raiders, handcuffed and shackled, were marched in between a strong guard of rebel soldiers. They were conducted into the space left near the scaffold and there turned over to the hangmen, Limber Jim being chief hangman, and then the guards went out, for the rebel authorities had decided to permit, but not take any part in the execution of these raiders. The convicts were all Catholics, and at their request a priest was there to administer the sacrament and perform the last rites of their religion.

The hand-cuffs and shackles are removed and the six doomed men kneeled with their priest to pray. All is still as death, for death is hovering over the scene. Suddenly one of them stands on his feet, and giving the shrill, rallying cry of the raiders, with a spring like that of a tiger on its prey, he leaps right into the teeth of the regulators, seizes a club, and in less time than I can tell it, clears the whole solid mass of regulators and leaps and bounds away through the camp.

What a scene! The whole 30,000 prisoners are looking on, thousands crowded close around the regulators, and when that raider breaks away every looker-on supposes that the dreaded raiders have made the threatened attempt to rescue and every on starts at once to get away from the desperate struggle that is expected to follow. The result is that the backward movement takes the crowd like a great wave and they tumble over tents, into holes, off from buckets, boxes and whatever could be secured to stand on, tramping on each other, yelling, cursing, and fighting, as they go. It was a terrible panic, and many were sorely bruised, and some had arms, some legs broken in their falls.

In the meantime the fleeing raider is hotly pursued. He dashes into tents and out by lifting up the edge, dodges around shanties, and tries in vain to elude the sleuth-hounds on his track. He is caught! A mass of regulators gather around and form a hollow square in the center of which, struggling still, he is carried back. There is no

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 15, The Smoked Yank)

more waiting for religious ceremony. Again all is still. The raiders beg and plead for mercy. Their hands are pinioned behind them, the black cowls drawn over their heads, and they are led each by a hangman up the steps on to the scaffold. There, standing in a row, the loops pass over their heads, the hangman's knots are adjusted, and the hangmen step down. Limber Jim seizes an ax, drives out the wedge that supports the drop, and five of the murderers are dangling in the air.

The sixth, the same big burly Irishman that mugged Limber Jim, proved too heavy for his rope and as it broke, he fell through the scaffold to the ground, stunned and bruised, but not killed. Water is dashed in his face and he revives and pleads for mercy. "Surely, yiz have not the heart to hang a man twice," he is heard to say.

With an awful coolness Limber Jim lifts him up, assists him back up the steps of the scaffold, and there, standing on the outer beam, adjusts the noose of the new rope, lifts the man up off his feet and drops him to writhe, and struggle, and twitch, beside his writhing, struggling, twitching companions, until all are dead, dead, dead!

The raiders raided no more. From this time on there was a police commissioner, or justice, and regularly organized police, and all prisoners charged with stealing or violating any of the prison rules were, if convicted, severely punished. Sometimes they were sentenced to do fatigue duty, such as cleaning streets, etc., but the usual punishment was to stretch the offender over a barrel and whip him on the bare back with a cat-o'-nine tails, the number of lashes given him being in proportion to the grade of the crime. A sanitary organization was also perfected to take in charge the general condition of the prison, see to the cleaning of streets, compel the deposit of urine and excrement at the sink, and enforce personal cleanliness.

The prisoners employed on the police and sanitary forces each received extra rations; subordinates one, officers two, or more, according to the grade of office. Whether these extra rations were taken out of the daily supply for the prison, thus diminishing the quantity issued to the common herd, or whether they were furnished in addition to the daily allowance for the camp, I cannot now say, thought is would be interesting to know. One thing is certain. The fact that all service rendered was paid for in extra rations was of itself proof that the common ration was not sufficient. Otherwise who would have labored for an extra ration? I verily believe that a man of, or about the average size, and of ordinary habit as to consumption of food, could not have lived three months with nothing to eat besides the common ration.

Chapter XV.

Escapes – Blood-Hounds – Tortures – Digging Tunnels – A Benedict Arnold – Shooting A Cripple – The Hospital – Sick-Call – A Small-Pox Scare.

Escape was almost impossible. A few succeeded in getting away, but in nearly every instance they were brought back. A pack of blood-hounds was kept and every day, or oftener, a squad of cavalry accompanied by these dogs, would make a circle around the prison a half mile or more away, and the hounds were so trained that they would take the track and go in pursuit of any prisoner who had succeeded in passing the circle. Those captured were often terribly bitten and mangled by the dogs, and were subjected to tortures upon their return – such as hanging by the thumbs, sitting in the stocks, and working in the chain-gang. Hanging by the thumbs was to be stretched up by a rope fastened around each thumb until no weight remained on the ground, the toes being allowed to merely touch to prevent the body swinging around which would cause sickness and vomiting. The cries of the poor fellows subjected to these tortures were pitiful. They prayed and begged to be shot. Suppose you were to be taken to a wooden wall, seated on the ground, your feet made to project through two holes as high up as the would reach, and your hands through two other holes higher up, and your feet and hands thus placed securely fastened, you would be in the stocks.

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16, The Smoked Yank)

In the chain-gang once ankle of each man was fastened by an iron shackle and chained to an immense cannon-ball, perhaps a forty-pounder. When the gang moved from place to place and from their work, or to the sink as often as any member had to go, each member had to drag a separate ball with one leg and help to drag the large one with the other. Thus shackled they are, slept, and worked. Every man who attempted to escape had to pass in turn through these three forms of torture.

I tried many plans for escape. In fact there was not a day from the time I was made prisoner that I was not looking for a chance to get away, or working out some scheme. I helped to dig one tunnel. We begun it in a hut located near the deadline. Carried the dirt away in sacks at night and put it in the creek. The man who worked at the end of the tunnel lay on his belly or back and dug into the tough, hard, red clay until he had loosened a small sack full. He would then pass the sack to a man behind him who would pass it to another, and so on back. When the sack reached the top of the ground, men lying on the ground for the purpose, shoved it from one to another until it was far enough from the over-looking guard for a man to walk away with it and not be noticed. Progress was slow on account of the extreme hardness of the clay, but we toiled on night after night until we had a tunnel far outside of the stockade. We were waiting for a night dark enough to enable us to make an opening on the outside and get out unseen, when our tunnel shared the fate of most tunnels that were tried. Some poor famishing creature, who had seen us at work, in the hope of getting an extra ration as a reward, betrayed us, and in came an officer and took out all that were found in the tunnel, or in the tent from which it started, and put them through the tortures prepared for those who attempted to escape. Luckily I was not at the tunnel at the time.

Few tunnels were successfully completed, because it was hardly possible, when men were so crowded together, to carry them on without many not engaged in the work finding it out, and as it was known that old Wirz would reward the informer, there was always some poor devil, either naturally mean enough, or so distracted by want and misery, that for the sake of the reward he would prove traitor to his friends.

One night there was a tremendous rain-storm and the water in the creek rose so high that it washed out several feet of stockade at the lower side. Had this been generally known a general break would have been made, but only a few of those quartered near by knew of it, and some of them escaped by swimming out in the flood. The rebels soon discovered the break and had an armed force around the place on the outside.

This incident suggested to some of us the possibility of making an organized effort to liberate the entire body of prisoners. As before stated, the stockade was made of logs set close together, the lower ends about five feet in the ground. Seeing the place where the washout occurred suggested the idea of tunneling to the stockade, and then excavating the dirt from the inside down to, and partly under the bottom of the logs, and for several feet along the camp side, leaving only enough of the top earth to hold itself up and conceal the work. The clay being hard and tough nearly to the surface made this possible. We planned to remove the earth in this way from at least twelve or fifteen feet of the front of the stockade, and we had long poles prepared, intending when all was ready to put the poles against the top of the stockade logs and push them over. The dirt all being removed from in front of the logs at the bottom, this was a perfectly practical scheme.

While the excavating was going on we organized a body of picked men, had officers chosen for each company and regiment, and a general and aids. In short, we organized a small army of the strongest and most resolute men. Our intention was to make a sudden rally, surprise and capture all the guards, arm a party of men with the captured guns and let them make a forced march to Americus, only twelve miles away, and capture the arms and munitions of war stored in the arsenal there. With these we could arm and equip every able-bodied man in the prison. We had planned also to cut the telegraph wires and to take prisoner every man, woman and child in the neighborhood. Also, to send a small body of men out who were to provide themselves with horses and arms as they went, and force their way to Sherman's army with all possible speed. These men were to go in a body, if possible, and if not, scatter and each man go it alone. Some we thought would surely get through, for Sherman was then at home in Georgia. The main body of the prisoners with the arms secured at Americus, were to march on to Macon and liberate the officers who were in prison there, if possible. If the officers were liberated further movements were to be guided by them. If they were moved before our forces could surround the place there, we would take the town and fortify ourselves in it and hold every inhabitant of the place and all we could find and bring in, as hostages, so that if a rebel army, large enough to overpower us, should come, we would hold them at bay until succor from Sherman should arrive, by putting their own people in front of us and compelling our enemies to kill their own friends or let us alone.

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 17, The Smoked Yank)

It was a well-laid scheme, and it might have succeeded had not a Benedict Arnold sprung up at the proper time to betray it for a reward. One fine morning we were awakened by the sound of cannon and the whistling of grape and canister close over our heads; at the same time the entire force of guards were seen forming on commanding positions around the prison. Then a company of rebels marched in and went to the exact spot where we had excavated, destroyed our works, and posted notices, stating that the plot in all its details was known and that the first sign of any unusual movement of prisoners would be signal for firing the cannon that were trained on the camp and loaded with grape and canister. At the same time the rebels, to prevent another attempt of the same kind, fastened timbers across the logs of the stockade near the top, and put strong braces against the timbers so that the whole stockade was firmly held in place, and could not be pushed over from the inside, even though the dirt was removed from the front.

We never knew to a certainty who the traitor was that betrayed this scheme, but suspicion fastened on a man who had but one leg, and walked with crutches. He was about that time granted a parole of honor and permitted to pass out and into the prison as he pleased. One day he came inside and a lot of prisoners gathered around him and charged him with having been the traitor. He stoutly denied it, but the prisoners continuing to abuse and threaten him, he attempted to go outside. There was, at the time, no officer at the gate to let him out, and he stepped into the space between the dead-line and the gate, saying to the guard above the gate, that he would stand there until an officer came. The guard told him to go back inside of the dead-line. The poor cripple, standing there on one foot and one crutch, replied, and correctly, too: “You know I have a parole to stay outside when I choose, and there can be no harm in my standing here until an officer comes to let me out; besides those men threaten to kill me, and I am afraid to stay inside the dead-line.”

The guard cocked his gun and ordered him to move back inside the stockade. Looking at the guard full in the face, the man replied: “I do n’t care how soon I die, shoot, if you like!” The words were hardly spoken when the guard fired. The ball passed through the man’s mustache and out through the neck, breaking the bone. Poor fellow, he felt no pain, and another rebel soldier was furloughed for honorable conduct. God save the mark! All the regulations and commands in Christendom could not compel a brave and honorable man to shoot another, a poor cripple, under such circumstances.

There was a hospital at Andersonville to which sick men were admitted, and where they ought to have received at least good treatment and care, for the hospital stewards were paroled prisoners, and they certainly ought to, and probably did do the best they could for their suffering comrades. But the capacity of the hospital was limited, and only those, it was said, who were past curing were taken out. In fact, so few of those who were taken there ever came back that it came to be the prevailing idea that to go to the hospital was to be carried alive to your grave, and but few sick prisoners, unless taken by force, would go there. There was a sick-call too every morning at which time the sick could go into a smaller pen just outside the south gate where a number of rebel surgeons prescribed for the sick. The prevailing complaints were scurvy, diarrhea, and malarial and other fevers. A little vinegar and sulphur was doled out to the scurvy patients; what the rest received, I do not know. I do know that I had the scurvy bad and that the stuff I got at sick-call did me no good, but that when I got money and bought and ate a few raw potatoes and some other wholesome food, I was quickly cured.

There was at one time a small-pox scare. Whether there were cases in the prison, I do not now remember. At any rate the rebel physicians received orders to vaccinate every prisoner who could not show a fresh scar. We formed in line and those who could not show a fresh scar were vaccinated whether they wanted to be or not. I had been vaccinated a year before and escaped. Hundreds died or lost their arms from the effect of the vaccine. Some said it was poison, or diseased matter purposely used. I do not think so, but I do think that many of the prisoners who had the scurvy and other blood disorders, were not in a fit condition to be vaccinated; that because of their condition the sores made became inflamed, gangrene got into them and proved fatal. I do n’t think small-pox could have made any head-way among the half-starved prisoners; they were too lean.

(Continued on page 19)

(Continued from page 18, The Smoked Yank)

Chapter XVI.

Condition Of The Prison In July and August – Rebel Statistics – Why We Were Not Exchanged – Andersonville Revenged – This Is A Republic!

The miseries of Andersonville during the rainy months of May and June for those who had little or no shelter, who, drenched by the cold pelting rain, shivered all night, and had to endure the blistering intolerable heat of a tropical sun by day, were indescribable. How shall I convey to you an idea of the increased suffering in July and August, when the rains, which before washed the camp and carried off the filth, ceased; when there were more men to the square rod, when the rations were poorer in kind and less in quantity, when the creek that furnished water had diminished in volume and had been polluted by all manner of filth from the camps of the guards and the prison cookhouses above; when the accommodations at the sink were not sufficient for half of the prisoners, and, more than all, when hunger, and exposure, and disease, and scurvy, and gangrene, and vermin, and noxious vapors, and despondency had worked together for months and left their awful marks upon so many thousands of helpless men? The mind naturally shrinks from the appalling task. Abler pens than mine have been engaged upon the subject. Book have been written and many letters published describing the horrors of Andersonville, and yet the half has never been, never can be told. I can add, as it were, but a mite, and all I seek to do will be to leave in the mind of the reader a picture of the place such as memory brings to mine.

I give below a table copied from "McElroy's Andersonville," compiled from the official reports made by confederate authorities. It gives the average number of prisoners during the months of July and August at a little less than 32,000. My own recollection, and it is supported by that of many others, is that there were between 35,000 and 40,000, and that the death rate was correspondingly larger. It is quite likely we were prone to exaggerate – just possible that a rebel officer would under-rate.

The number of prisoners in the Stockade, the number of deaths each month, and the daily average, are given as follows:

Months	Number In Stockade	Deaths	Daily Average
March	4,703	283	9
April	9,577	592	19
May	18,454	711	23
June	26,367	1,202	40
*July	31,678	1,742	56
August	31,633	3,076	99
September	8,218	2,790	90
October	4,208	1,595	51
November	1,359	485	10

* In July one in every eighteen died
In August one in every eleven died.

The greatest number of deaths is reported to have occurred on August 23, when 127 died, or one man every eleven minutes. The greatest number of prisoners in the stockade is stated to have been August 8, when there were 33,114.

(Continued on page 20)

(Continued from page 19, The Smoked Yank)

As you can see in the map drawn by the Brown's in 1990, they also believed that the location is near the intersection of Highways 218 and 696. I believe that this was done based on the creek shown in the map due to a belief of it being a branch of Passapatanzy Creek as it is labeled. However, the Geological Survey map clearly shows that particular creek as being labeled Dirt Bridge Run Creek and thus not the one that is desired.

What were all these men doing? Not reading, for there was no Mrs. Gardner with a humane heart and willing hand in that vicinity. There were no books there except a few testaments and bibles. In my opinion the first thing that would attract the notice of a stranger was the thousands of men sitting in the sun, nearly naked, picking away at their clothes – picking off the lice. The place was literally alive with lice and fleas. Every man who did not get so sick and weak and discouraged that he had to lie down and be eaten up by them, made it one of his daily tasks to take off all his clothes and pick off the lice and fleas. To do this effectually you must hold the garment in the warm sun so that the vermin would crawl out and be seen. So through all the hottest part of the day there were thousands and thousands of men sitting on the ground wholly or partially naked picking vermin from their old rags or clothes, if they still had them; thousands were nearly naked when they had all their clothes on, these were all more or less afflicted with the scurvy.

Scurvy swells the gums, and in time, rots them so that the teeth fall out; the feet swell and puff up especially if the man is bare-footed, until they are two great puff-balls, resembling a pair of boxing gloves. Grasp one of these puffed feet with your hand and your fingers will make dents in the flesh that will but slowly fill out, as in a piece of rising dough. The knee joints, too, are favorite points for scurvy. They were always swollen, like the feet, but black and blue, as though they had been pounded into one horrible bruise.

Now, picture one of these half-naked bony, filthy, gaunt and ghastly skeletons, his eyes sunken, his cheek bones protruding, his gums all swollen, his elbows and knees swollen, and black and blue, and his feet two great shapeless masses of bloated flesh, and picture him sitting on the ground, as he usually was, with his chin between his knees and his hands clasped around them, and you have a specimen of "Smoked Yank," thousands of whom could always be seen at a glance.

I have mentioned the swamp. I shrink from the task, but I must take you there. The privy, or sink, as it was called for the prison, was, as before stated, two lines of poles supported by forks, one line on each side of the creek. As the prison filled up, and the accommodations at the sink became insufficient, the swampy ground has to used, until, finally, that whole piece of swamp ground was covered with one connected mass of human excrement. A moving, seething mass, for vermin, worms, and bugs, kept it moving. Now take the specimen of "Smoked Yank," as I have described him. Let him drag his swollen feet along one of the paths left to walk in through that seething, squirming mass, and then, when he finds a place to stoop, his swollen knees refuse support, he falls over – is too weak to get up or crawl out, and there he dies. Yes, such scenes were there, and too common. There were hundreds of such cases. Would no one help him, you say. Certainly, if asked, or if the dying man was noticed. But when men became so weak and low, they were liable to fall over in a swoon, and not be noticed, especially at night. I have helped carry men out who had fallen over in that way and did not call for help. They seemed to think their strength would return and enable them to get up.

I remember having my attention called one day by most terrible oaths coming from a man who lay on the side hill just out of the swamp. I went close to him. He seemed to be delirious. He lay there with maggots and worms crawling in and out of his ears and his nose; lice all over him; flies buzzing around; maggots and worms between his fingers and his toes. And there he lay, seemingly without strength to move, and from his mouth there poured the most fearful streams of oaths I ever heard. It seemed that he blamed President Lincoln for not arranging an exchange and on his head the burden of the oaths fell. He also cursed the Union, cursed the confederacy, and cursed God for permitting his condition. He lay in that condition, cursing and moaning, for several days before he died. And scenes like that were not uncommon; there were hundreds, barring the oaths. True, such deaths were not the rule, for usually the sick and helpless were faithfully and tenderly cared for by their friends and companions, even until death. Those whose friends had all died, or who had become partly, or wholly, demented, and got in the habit of wandering around alone, were the ones that furnished such examples of extreme horrible misery.

There are in the National Cemetery at Andersonville 14,000 grave-stones.

(Continued on page 21)

(Continued from page 20, The Smoked Yank)

I was in Andersonville from the 2d day of May until about the 1st of October, 1864. During that time about 12,000 of the prisoners died, an average of eighty for each day. The direct cause of this terrible death rate was the crowding of so many into so small a space without sufficient food and shelter. A larger prison and more and better food it was in the power of the confederacy to furnish. As for shelter, the pine forest that surrounded the prison for miles in every direction would have furnished shelter and beds in abundance had the prisoners been allowed to go under guard, or on parole, and help themselves. For the confederates who had control of rebel prisons there is absolutely no excuse. They were murderers, cool, calculating, merciless workers of a worse instrument of torture and death than the bloody days of the French guillotine, and gibbet, and stretching-rack, ever furnished. And those in authority in Washington, at the time, from Lincoln down are not blameless. The rebels claimed that they were always willing and anxious to exchange prisoners, but that an exchange could not be agreed on because our authorities would not enter into any agreement that did not recognize the freed negroes who had enlisted in the Union army as soldiers, as entitled to be exchanged, the same as white men.

As a matter of pure principle, this was probably correct, but as a matter of public policy, and of justice and mercy to the white Union soldiers, who had enlisted before there were any freed negroes, it was all wrong. If there had been any considerable number of negro soldiers in the prison suffering with the others, there would then have been a vital principle of justice, as well as honor at stake, and the white prisoners themselves would have been the last men in the world to have sacrificed that principle in order to secure their own liberty and lives. There was not a negro Union soldier in Andersonville, or in any other prison for any considerable time. When they were captured they were either sent back to their old masters, or put to work on rebel fortifications. And they were not starved, and did not suffer. They were property in the eyes of the confederates, and as such were taken care of. Their condition as prisoners was little worse than it had always been before the war. Stanton, and others who insisted on that point, might as well have insisted that every other black in the South whose liberty had been granted him by the Emancipation Proclamation, and who was detained by his old master, should be a subject of exchange.

I do not know who was responsible for that fearful blunder, but a blunder it was, and every prisoner knew and felt it to be such. The men who stood out and refused to exchange, unless the negroes were recognized by the rebels as Union soldiers, and exchanged with the rest, did it too, knowingly and advisedly. The prison authorities once permitted the prisoners to send to Washington three of their number, chosen for that purpose, who took with them a petition to the President asking that an immediate exchange be agreed to, on the terms proposed by the rebels, and setting out fully and plainly the suffering that was being endured and the loss of life daily occurring. This petition was signed by thousands and is probably now on file among the records of the war. Nothing came of it. There was a political principle, a cold, naked, clean-cut principle at stake. There are many thousand grave-stones at Andersonville which would not be there, and many thousand widows and orphans in the land who would not have been widows and orphans so soon, but for the mistaken zeal and cold-blooded principles of those in authority at that time.

When it was all over, and thousands of the poor emaciated creatures who survived were sent home and scattered through the land, and the truth became known, and Harper's Weekly, and other illustrated papers, sent out pictures of the starved heroes, then a storm of indignation arose which threatened to burst over the heads of the misguided statesmen who had refused to exchange. Then something must be done; Andersonville must be avenged; the storm must be averted. And something was done; Andersonville was avenged; poor old Wirz was hung. Poor old Wirz – a miserable, excitable little foreigner; a cross, I always thought, of Dutch, Italian, and French, with nothing Dutch about him, except his pipe and his brogue; nothing French except his nervous excitability; and nothing Italian, except his low cunning. Wirz wasn't a man of anywhere near the average ability of our private soldiers. He only wore a number six hat. He sometimes came in the prison and some prisoner, to annoy him, would sing out: "Sauer Kraut." Wirz would draw his revolver and run in the direction of the voice. Then some one behind would yell: "Go it, Dutchie." Failing to find the first man, he would run after the second, and so on. I have seen him charging around in that way, like an escaped lunatic, swearing in Dutch brogue, for half an hour at a time. It fitly illustrates the caliber of the man. Think of such a man, and he only a captain in rank, being hung to avenge Andersonville!

Wirz had charge of the prison as a kind of provost marshal. He received and issued the rations and faithfully executed his orders. Bus as to his being in any manner to blame for the lack of food and shelter, and for the smallness of the pen, and such other evils, I don't believe he had anything to do with it. General Winder was the commis-

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21, The Smoked Yank)

sary-general of rebel prisons. He established the prison and knew all about it. I saw him there with his staff, twice myself. Wirz was only one of his subordinates, and he was probably only a tool of somebody higher than himself in authority.

I do n't suppose Wirz would have been hung had not specific acts of wanton cruelty to prisoners, not justified by the prison rules, been proved against him. God knows he deserved hanging bad enough, but as there were thousands of men against whom specific acts of cruelty; and of murder, during the war, could have been proved, who were not tried, I take it that Wirz was really hung to attract the attention of the people, and keep some of the blame from falling where it belonged. I read the account of his trial at the time, and it was my opinion then that to hang Wirz and let Davis, and all others who were over him, go free, was a cowardly piece of business on the part of our government.

Had a few prominent men, generals and congressmen, been starved to death in Andersonville, Davis, and all others in authority would have been hung. Abraham Lincoln was painlessly, artistically removed. Booth, who performed the act, was killed, and all those who could in any way be connected with the planning of it, four in all, were hung, and justly, too. Thousands of soldiers were removed at Andersonville, and the work was not painlessly nor artistically done. Wirz, a half-witted foreigner, was hung. Lincoln was president; the Andersonville victims were all privates. This is a republic!

Chapter XVII.

Outlines Of A Picture.

Fortunes have been made by exhibiting panoramic pictures of Gettysburg, Shiloh, Sedan, and other noted battle-fields; why not exhibit Andersonville? The loss of life was greater than in any battle of the war. More men were killed there than were lost in the Vicksburg campaign, including the many who died from sickness. There are as many gravestones at Andersonville as are in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg where the Union dead are collected from all the battle-fields and camp-grounds in the vicinity. A fortune awaits the man who shows Andersonville in any large city as those battle-fields have been shown. Greater than fortune, renown, compared to which that of Munkacsy will be nothing, awaits the artist who will do justice to Andersonville.

Ambitious painter, come. Bring your brush and your easel. Fill in with details true to life these outlines, and fortune and fame are yours.

Two side-hills with a creek running between. That's right. Now, the swamp ground on the north side. There you have it. Now, the stockade and dead-line. Guards leaning over the top of the stockade with a longing-to-go-home on furlough look in their eyes as they eagerly watch the dead-line. Have you got the eyes? All right; touch them up later. The gates next, and the streets – that's so, if the shanties and hovels are put in, the streets will be left. I can't help you much on the shanties. Every conceivable form of shelter from sun and rain that Yankee ingenuity could contrive and make out of logs, limbs, brush, poles, blankets, pine leaves for thatching; some had tents and sun-dried bricks. Give your fancy play; you will hardly invent one that could not have been found there. Oh, yes, there are photographs; did n't think of them, they will help you out. How close together shall you put them? Well, give the rebels the benefit of the doubt, if there is any; allow four by six feet to each man, but out of that you must save room to pass between the rows of hovels. Now, we must have on each side of these streets, booths and board counters on which hucksters have for sale goods and provisions, meat, bread, pies, cakes, potatoes, onions, cabbage, and fruit. To use a couplet from Barbara Frietchie, with a little change, makes them look, --

> "Fair as a garden of the Lord,
> To the eyes of the famished Union horde."

(Continued on page 23)

(Continued from page 22, The Smoked Yank)

Under tents and sheds fronting on these streets, tasty lunch-counters, and well equipped restaurants with waiters in attendance. Tobacco and cigar stands, chuck-a-luck and faro boards, wheel-of-fortune, and gambling tents with men sitting at cards. On a corner near the center, the sutler's depot containing flour in bags, tobacco in boxes, every variety of sutler goods in wholesale quantities. Standing in front of all these boards, counters and stands, rows of able-bodied and well-dressed men, eating, smoking, gambling, spending money as freely and as gaily as at a Northern fair. Behind them a pack of moving skeletons in rages, grimy and black from smoke, feasting their eyes, ready to grab up and fight for any crust of bread, or bone, or melon rind, or stub of cigar that might be cast among them. Often I have seen men buy food, and to see the fun as they called it, cast it among this hungry, ragged rabble, and watch them scramble for it and often fight over it. Men would buy watermelon by the slice, eat the meat and throw the rind on the ground to see it snatched up and ravenously devoured. The rinds and seeds of melons were eagerly sought for as cures for scurvy.

We must have here and there an oven built of clay, where pies and breads are baked; barber shops, tailor shops, jewelry shops, with lettered signs on all these. Thousands of naked men sitting where the sun could shine on their clothes, picking off lice. Thousands more lying on the ground and in the hovels in the delirium of fever, or dying from hunger and the ravages of scurvy; kind comrades leaning over to bathe parched lips and fevered brows and whisper to them of the far off home, to rouse their failing courage.

And now the sink with its crowded poles and crowds standing by watching, struggling for a place, the creek above full of men bathing and lined by others washing clothes, and above them, where the water came in under the dead-line, a crowd with buckets formed in lines and taking each his turn as it comes to dip his can or bucket or cup and get clean water. Now and then one reaches too far or is pushed from behind across the fatal line, and his brains and blood float down among the bathers.

Now, put in the skeletons with poles striking at the skimming swallows. A hundred corpses laid in a row at the south gate all nearly naked, on the breast of each a slip of paper and a price, and sitting at the head of each one an owner watching either to sell his corpse or for his turn to carry it out.

Near the same gate show the poor one-legged man on his crutch and the fire from the gun of the guard above, reaching clear to his face, as it did.

Now cover the swamp with its seething, squirming mass of corruption, with here and there a helpless being lying in it. Show a hundred more scattered around under the scorching sun in the last stages of scurvy, with flies and maggots, and lice feeding upon them, and groans and curses; -- no, you cannot paint groans and curses. You cannot paint the din and racket and roar. It was not enough that thousands should die from disease brought on by hunger and exposure, and made fatal by lack of medicine and care – they must die with the food and vegetables that would save their lives, in sight. With the peddler's cry and the huckster's call, offering for sale dainty dishes, sounding all day in their ears. These things you cannot paint no more than you can the feelings they caused in the minds of starving men.

Analysis of the Smoked Yank

By Matthew Beard

List of genealogical related facts found in these chapters:

Chapter 11:

- Started the move from Cahaba to Andersonville
- Arrived at Montgomery by steamboat
- In Montgomery, put in box cars or on flat cars [on a train]
- Told that they were being sent to Savannah to be exchanged
- Stopped at Columbus because the locomotive quit working

(Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 23, The Smoked Yank)

- Stayed in an unoccupied hotel in Columbus overnight
- Train continued to Fort Valley, Georgia where direction changed from Savannah to Andersonville
- 20,000 Union soldiers occupied Andersonville when they arrived
- Conditions in Andersonville were terrible from the start
- Men were divided into ninety individuals forming a division
- Twelve divisions made a detachment
- Each detachment was assigned a plot of land
- No additional supplies are provided - no eating utensils, blankets, shelter, etc.
- Andersonville Prison originally included only 16 acres
- Stockade made of logs twenty-five feet long and buried five feet in ground leaving a twenty foot wall
- Scaffolds were built every sixty yards for guards
- A dead-line was marked by a row of posts twenty-five feet inside the wall
- A small stream ran though the middle to provide water for drinking, cleaning, and waste disposal
- Enclosure included two acres of swamp on the north side of the stream
- Each man had six feet by seven feet assigned to them
- Stockade held up to 30,000 men before it was enlarged
- Author states as many as 45,000 were in Andersonville over the summer of 1864 though the official records started only a little more than 32,000

Chapter 12:
- First prisoners to Andersonville were in February 1864 from Belle Isle
- The first prisoners had the advantage of having brush and trees for building material and cooking
- Describes first days at the prison

Chapter 13:
- Rained each of the first thirty nights there
- Days were scorching hot and nights seemed cold
- Food was scarce
- Some people, such as Thomas Davidson, were able to smuggle money into the prison and could buy things
- Wood details were available for the first couple of weeks, but were stopped when the prison started providing cooked food
- Scurvy and other diseases were rampant due to lack of proper food
- Hucksters were common for selling food and other things, but very few had money
- Half of the prisoners had resources other than the daily ration
- Prisoners captured near Richmond started arriving with some supplies with them
- A brigade captured near Plymouth, North Carolina arranged to have all their supplies with them as part of a conditional surrender
- Corpses were a source of revenue to some to allow prisoners chances of getting merchandise to smuggle into the prison
- The author tried this once and decided never to do it again
- Extra rations were provided to some based on extra duties or by “repeating” in roll calls
- A half of the prisoners found ways of getting extra rations and about 50% of these survived; most of the ones that did not do this did not survive

Chapter 14:
- Description of bounty jumpers was provided; substituting in entering service for money and then skipping out
- Most of the raiders in the prison were people who had been involved in bounty jumping
- Murders of prisoners and stealing from others were being performed by raiders
- Limber Jim, one of the Cahaba prisoners, came up with “root beer” to sell
- After being robbed, Limber Jim formed an organization to police the prison
- Six raiders found guilty of murder and hanged by the prisoners

(Continued on page 25)

(Continued from page 24, The Smoked Yank)

- Other raiders had to run a gauntlet made up of those they had victimized
- Those involved in the police and sanitary forces were provided extra rations

Chapter 15:
- Prisoners who escaped and re-captured were subjected to three tortures:
    - Hanging by the thumbs
    - Sitting in stocks
    - Working in the chain-gang
- Hanging by the thumbs was to be stretched up by a rope tied to each thumb with the toes barely touching the ground
- Sitting in the stocks included having the prisoner's feet being put through two holes high up a wall, while the prisoner was seated, and the hands in two other holes even higher
- The chain-gang had an ankle of each man chained together and to a forty-pound ball
- Each member of the chain-gang also had a smaller ball fastened to their other leg
- The author helped with several tunnels and was lucky not to be caught when an informer turned them in
- Plan was made to liberate all of the camp
- Planned to march majority of prisoners to Americus after escaping and try to join up with Sherman's army
- The possible informer ended up being killed by a guard after the prisoners abused and threatened him
- Description of the hospital was made with the majority of those entering not leaving it alive
- Small-pox scare occurred and everyone without a recent vaccination had to receive a new one; many died from the vaccination

Chapter 16:
- Discussed the statistics of "McElroy's Andersonville" and the disagreement with the numbers
- Provided numbers of deaths per month and the daily averages of deaths
- Description of the effects of scurvy on the body
- Description of fleas and lice along with the swamp
- The National Cemetery at Andersonville had 14,000 gravestones at the time of writing the book
- Gave the dates of his being at Andersonville as from 2 May 1864 through 1 October 1864
- Discussed the lack of prisoner exchanges due to the Confederacy not accepting that all Union soldiers should be treated as soldiers
- Discussed Wirz's being tried for war crimes and hanged after the war

Chapter 17:
- Gave a summation of the prison for the reader

In chapter 11, we find that Melvin Grigsby is being sent to what he believes at the time to be an exchange of prisoners to take place in Savannah, Georgia. They first are moved by steamboat along the Alabama River from Cahaba, Alabama to Montgomery, Alabama. By today's standards, this is only a 35 mile trip by Interstate and highway, but the Alabama River has many curves in it and would mean that the steamboat probably had to go over 50 miles which would have taken at least a couple of days. According to Wikipedia.com, the Alabama River is "tortuous" and is 200 to 300 yards wide with a depth of anywhere from 3 to 7 feet. Melvin could be considered lucky at this point since a number of the prisoners that were being exchanged from Cahaba Prison were sent west on a train to the Mississippi River and then loaded on the Steamboat Sultana, which later exploded near Memphis, Tennessee with a loss of life estimated between 1,200-1,700 people (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sultana_(steamboat)).

They are then put on a train, in flat cars and box cars, to be moved to Savannah. However, a breakdown of the locomotive causes an overnight stay in Columbus, Georgia while it is being fixed. The trip to this point was about 85 miles on the train while locked up in a box car or seated on a flat-bed car in the sun during the end of April. The next day, they continued on toward Savannah, but the train was re-routed at Fort Valley, Georgia and sent toward Andersonville Prison. Based on the other group of prisoners going west to be exchanged, I believe that the original plan had been

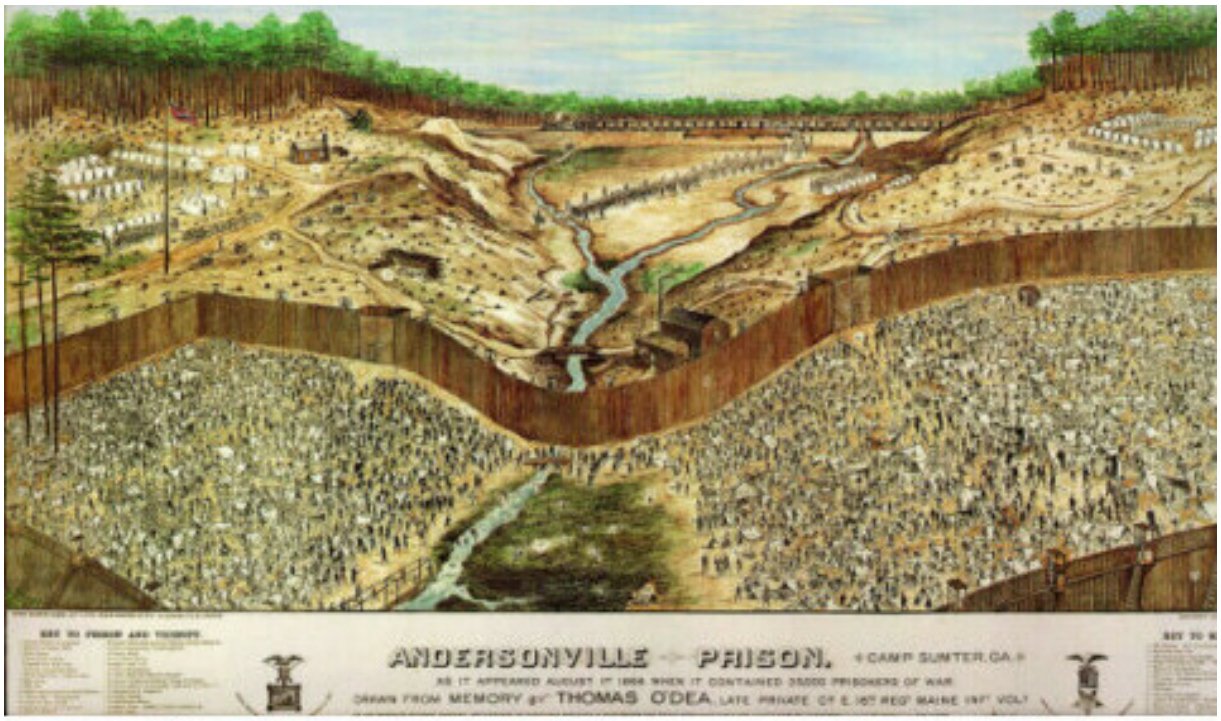
(Continued on page 26)

(Continued from page 25, The Smoked Yank)

to exchange this group at Savannah; especially since Fort Valley is actually northeast of Andersonville and a more direct route could have been chosen from Montgomery or Columbus. The breakdown of the locomotive may have delayed the prisoners sufficiently enough that plans were changed while they were in route.

Upon arriving at Andersonville Prison, we find that there are already 20,000 Union soldiers being held there on a small lot of 16 acres. This later increased to at least 30,000 prisoners and to as many as 45,000 according to Melvin's estimation. A description of the prison is provided with how it was laid out inside the stockade. Many books have been written about this infamous prison and the treatment that Union soldiers were given while staying there. Melvin's descriptions in this and the following chapters can easily be found by those stories provided by other prisoners after leaving the prison. Background history of the prison can be found at the National Park Service site for Andersonville Prison located at www.cr.nps.gov/seac/histback.htm.

Birdseye view of Andersonville prison from southeast corner



Drawing from memory of former prisoner Thomas O'Dea.

(Continued on page 27)

(Continued from page 26, The Smoked Yank)

Chapter 12 has Melvin talking about the conditions of the first prisoners who arrived in Andersonville in February 1864 from Belle Isle. These prisoners had resources to use from the brush and trees in the stockade that was no longer available to incoming prisoners once Melvin arrived. He also describes his first days at the prison and learning how it ran.

Chapters 13 through 15 are where Melvin goes into graphic detail of the life and conditions in the prison for the Union soldiers. He describes the atrocities involved and the struggle that the prisoners had internally just to survive. This included put six of their fellow prisoners on trial and hanging them for murder to help keep the peace. The escape plan was really fascinating to read and contemplate. If they had succeeded in their plans, it would have been one of those moments made for history. However, since it did not succeed, very few people living probably even know about it.

Chapter 16 compares Melvin's own estimations of the number of prisoners with those provided in "McElroy's Andersonville" that utilized official Confederate reports. This is a reference to the following book:

John McElroy, Andersonville: A Story of Rebel Prisons (1879).

An online representation of this book can be found on the Project Gutenberg site located at www.gutenberg.org/etext/3072.

The University of Missouri - Kansas City School of Law utilizes the war crimes trial of Captain Henry Wirz in its teaching of law to its students. There is an excellent web site set up with all the information available about the trial at www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/Wirz/WIRZ.HTM. On another note, the site CSNET, located at www.pointsouth.com/csanet/andersonville.htm provides more information on Wirz's life and discusses the topic of the lack of prisoner exchanges utilizing even Melvin's book in their discussions.

Andersonville Prison, officially known as Camp Sumter, has been made into the Andersonville National Historic Site. There are three locations that would be of interest for someone visiting this location: the prison, a Civil War village, and the National Prisoner of War Museum. Information about these locations can be found on the National Park Service website at www.nps.gov/ande/.